Post Card

NYPL For Correspondence Address Only

WOKING 30PM 2 MAY 1932 SURREY

EVERY HOME NEE

Nauplia April 26th 1932

Here we are safe very
cold very hot, freezing
all day, sailing Corinth
Mycenae, on to Epidaurus
now breakfasting on a
quay, red + blue boats
mountains, sea, in Arcadia
lovely - Gilmann superb.
V.

Dame Ethel Smyth

Leigh

~~Woking~~

5 Park St ~~Surrey~~

Bath

England

Rota 2.4.63

Wednesday May 4th 1932.

a.d.

Here, what wrong with that date? What
Eustace got to do with it? For your further
information I will add 11.35 on a
blazing hot morning. I'm sitting on my bed
with my ink bot on the hotel pot-cupboard,
a large boil on my chin, result of sand-
fly, a sore throat, result of cold & dust
but almost peculiarly happy all the same.
Why did you never tell me that Greece was
beautiful? why did you never mention the
sea & the hills & the valleys & the flowers!
Am I the only person who has eyes in my
head? I solemnly inform you, Ethel, that
Greece is the most beautiful country
in the whole world; May is the most
beautiful season in the whole year: Greece in May
there were the nightingales to gamble simply
in the asphodel where we sat between the
stream: & I picked my cap with scarlet
anemones; or Yes, but you want facts; Baedeker.
Well then, we went from Athens to Corinth;
town being rebuilt after earthquake: just missed
owing to heavy fall of rock: six donkeys

engaged in cantering fair away: will take 6 months or years: all traffic meanwhile held up: Delphi cut off: oranges ~~are~~ unobtainable in hotel: from Corinth (all this in a great open car of Goldmann's perfectly driven over roads like Corpulent (crating by enchantment driven) to Mycenae - my word! magnificent. Bees booming in the Tomb of Agamemnon. (what is the line about "Shall make his helmet a hive?" after ten a Belle Helene; among the plains, with frogs barking: so to Nauplia in the evening; oh & this next day up the most nerve racking pass, shooting like an arrow along a ledge with Caverns of rock in abysses a million feet deep under one's left eye, & donkeys emerging round the corners to Mitrovitza: so to Mistra; Byzantine Church magnificent; peasants delightful; coffee in a room; so to Athens again: all the time the heat increasing & the wind, & the flowering trees visibly opening, making fields of violet & white. Cremyon (don't ask me to Document them fast) against a sky as flawless blue. Then a day at Athens, which was Good Friday according to their barbarian reckonings: but Lord, Lilah, how infinitely I prefer

their barbarian reckonings to your protestant orthodoxy! At night, in the still heat, we stood on the balcony. saw the procession go by, singing in a minor key, some, to me, inspiring & solemn dirge round a bier; & the clergy with beards & hair long hair & stiff cataffalque like robes sang, & I can assure you all that is in me of stunted & deformed religion flowered under this ~~how~~ sensuously like, so dark, so solemn, so waxen: & I thought of the lights of the herring fleet at sea; everyone holding a yellow taper along the street & all the lights coming out in the windows. Why, we almost wept, we pagans. So on to Delphi: another vast journey; & saw a stork lodged on the head of the stone lion which marks the battle is at Cheronea, where the Greek as you know, were beaten for all time, & Leonard read an account of it in the Greek, for my husband is a most cultivated man — Do's Rogers & Roger, whom I meant you to see at, with his rather cantering admiration of the Greek statues in the Louvre, in fact away the best admirer of life & art I've ever travelled with: so humane: so sympathetic, so indomitable: though, unfortunately, part of his inside is hanging down, & another part is screwed up, so that he can't ride or walk, & our adventures therefore have to be Cyclemotored: still

as I was saying he never boggles at a terrific
Reredos like ours yesterday & has raved out
all the Byzantine Churches & Temples (which he
thinks sublime: & only the museum statues of
muscular boys & bosh Cowlike women that must
remind him of the Royal Academy) & can feel
his way along a pulpit or a Cathedra or a mosaic
with a sensibility & rapture that make one
think of a prodigiously fertile Spider, whose web
ants, hard, shiny, devoid of all filament
whatsoever. His faculty of his is a constant
marvel to me, & I will shock him & say, as at
Assisi, "now Roger tell me why!" and then he
screws his eyes & says how the thing is a matter of inches -
to life, of individuality: then it differs from
Janicum, built & mixed t'other way, as a
Greek from a Carthaginian. Meanwhile Mayling
has darted her glass on a bird. An Eagle! I say.
Nonsense. A vulture. They say, and may be a
bee eater. Then Roger shouts, Oh come & look at
this! my word that Greek - very Greek - & we
all scramble up, (This scene takes place at
Daphnis in the Byzantine Church) at some
Annunciation or Crucifixion: & I steal away
to the marble door & see the olives & the
pines barring their heads & letting the sun
& shade dapple & illumine them & their
new shapes like waves on the
grey hill side. But Baedeker. So we marched

Rota 2.4.63

NYPL

Thursday 52 T.S. 18 May 1932

1 Very well then, let's put it off till another time.
Friday is all taken up with a dreary business talk so
I shouldn't be in a good mood - Anyhow I'm in a vile one,—
the transition from freedom & breeze to endless
Conversation in London makes me itch all over. I daresay
I shall settle down to Conversation in the course of a walk or two.
2. I don't know if to be glad & sorry about Mr. H.
3 And I can't go on to our particular crises as they
involve co-respondents, business, money, & so on.
And now I've got to go up & wash & change —
4 Let me my arm chair & talk, done out & talk
& go to a party & talk. Yes, my voice is the voice given in

perfect health — & bad temper. Bits gone — substituting
that is — inwardly no.

Thursday 52 T.S. 18 May 1932

1 Very much then, let's put it off till another time.
Friday is all taken up with a dreary business talk so
I shouldn't be in a good mood - Anyhow I'm in a vile one,
the transition from freedom & breeze to endless
Conversation in London makes me itch all over. I daresay
I shall settle down to Conversation in the course of a week or two.
2. I don't know if to be glad or sorry about Mr. H.
3 And I can't go in to our particular cares as they
involve co-respondents, business, money. & so on.
And now I've got to go up & wash & change -
4 Let me my arm chair & talk, done out & talk!
& go to a party & talk. Yes, my voice is the voice given in

Perfect headache had Hunger. Bird gone — Intolerable
Chest is — unwashed no.

52 T.S.

Monday 26 May 1932

Well Ethel dear this is very sad — that you're not with me at this moment but listening some bish about on a cold grey Lacon. Do you dress in white? Do you wear a white straw hat with a blue ribbon, & a blouse fabrica by a dragon fly in turquoise? Those are my ancient views of Lacon tennis seen over a paling in Comwall 30 years ago. But enough of these recollections. Were you here, in the arm chair opposite, we would recollect: we would — how do we? — present. So you were very wrong-headed not to come. Get I don't blame you. I can't tell you how down in the mud & the bramble I've been — nearer one of those dog Climaxes of despair that I used to have than anything there 6 years — Lord knows why. Oh how I suffer! & what wire, for nothing, no reason that's rebutable. Only coming back from Greece here to the incessant rubbing & rasping: & then

Rota 2.4.63

as one thing going wrong on my hands after another – here's one friend
fussed in a divorce case, another fallen in love; & an
odious quarrel fastened on me; & the whole Press upset & in
broken up heats & barks, heaven knows which – there I suppose
were reasons why I answered you so frumpishly: & was
incapable of any vision or hope. This evening is the first
Evening, nearly, I've had to myself: & slowly I'm recovering my soul.
I'm reading over the few – can it be possible? – that one day
with to write again – can there be heaven & hope on t'other side
of this bleeding Cauldron? Repeat – how one suffers: & why!
No doubt you have a reason when you suffer. I wouldn't have had
week again for £33.10/- & 6!
apology: I doubt that even you, who do well know even me, can
understand why I'm such a damnable whirled dead leaf blown by a
an invisible Dandystorm. Let us hope for a day next week —
God knows.

V.

June 9th 1932

No, I don't see how I can manage Wednesday unless
it suits you to come Cali - We're
another Hogarth par discussion — God damn it —
Char Dear afternoons. And this afternoon I
to tea — all at 6 & 7 bor — & I'm two
dozed to write.

Ste. Ste last night very upsetting

V.

Saturday, or Sunday 19th June 1932

Ya Ethel, I was deeply touched by ~~your~~ thinking
of your picking beans for me — I thought the time I
spent was over-enchantedly. I mean: —?
remembered the day you brought them in
Cardboard boxes, two years ago, & you said
this marked the honeymoon & would soon be over.
But it adds what romance certain scenes hold from —
you this hot evening in your garden, picking beans.
the door, & shelling beans with you & the pinks
It's the height of the Evening, & me coming in at
smelling, & then a little dinner in the fading light.
Please if ever I come again don't meet me — I
meant to tell you this — but let me find you
among your things — you can't think what a shock
of emotion it gave me — seeing bright
among those things — I've lots such scenes in my
head: the whole of life presented — the the-
person life — for 10 seconds: & then it goes, & comes again;
so next time don't meet me.

By the by how amused, yet outraged I was